

THEATRICAL SCENERY.

ON THE "PAINT BRIDGE" OF ONE OF THE NEW YORK THEATERS.

An Importing Feature of Stage-Craft—How Scenes are Painted—What Artists can Earn.

Not long ago I stood in the dimness and shadows of the interior of one of our big theaters gazing far into the upper realms of space above the stage, writes Grace Conway in the *New York Star*. The scene painted was at work, and the platform upon which he stood and changed blank canvas into speaking pictures swung and creaked above the tops of the scenery. How I reached that platform, after climbing up ladders and walking along an apparently perilous way, would almost frighten me, even now, to describe. Finally, however, I reached the artist, and made known my errand.

"Give you some points about scene painting to tell the readers of the *Star*?" he repeated after me. "Certainly I will, and gladly; be seated, and tell me where to begin."

"At the beginning" I answered, and with brush in hand, he commenced: "To day when a manager has decided upon a play and its production, the first person to whom he has recourse is his scenic artist. If he is wise in his generation he holds consultation with him long before any announcement of the play is made public, and together they advise upon the character of the play to be presented, the location of the scene in which the action is supposed to take place, the period in which the events happen, the hour of the day or night at which they occur, and the time and expense that will probably be required to do justice to the undertaking."

"Most scenic artists have a fine pictorial library made from these pictures, in the collection of which we often expend much time and money. I find landscapes, exteriors and interiors that befit the play and period, and submit them to the approval of the manager. When together we decide upon such as are most suitable. I have a model of the scene made to a scale, and color the miniature model to an exact facsimile that the large scene will present when finished. The dimensions being given to the stage carpenter, he purchases the lumber and other material and constructs the scene to the size required, and when completed places the scene in this paint frame, which is, you see, a mechanical affair constructed usually against the rear or side wall of the theater, and suspended by ropes leading to a windlass in the fly gallery."

"So there is the dry gallery," he continued, indicating a wooden platform elevated considerably above the stage on either side of it, "and from this is worked the sky borders and the ceilings used in a play." I observed that the paint frames, one of which was suspended on each side of us, could be raised or lowered, as the artist required to suit his convenience as his work advanced.

"This floor upon which we stand is a platform, which is termed a 'paint bridge,' and it is one of the most commodious I have ever seen. It is large enough to accommodate the paraphernalia used in the execution of the work. Standing upon this we paint the scenes hanging in the paint frames."

"The canvas you see is a strong, heavy material, called Russian linen, and before painting is begun upon it my assistant carefully and thoroughly wets it all over with a size composed of whiting, glue, alum and water. This process is called priming. When this is done I sketch in the outlines of my scene, which may be either landscape, architectural, exterior or interior, and it is ready for the colors to be applied."

"Isn't this called painting in distemper?"

"Yes," he replied. "Many people who are not familiar with scene painting ask me if it isn't done in oil. Now, on the contrary, not a drop of oil is used; in the first place, it would increase the weight of the scenes and make them more difficult to handle, and, moreover, greatly increase the danger in case of fire, against which in these days we take every precaution in theaters."

"Now let me show you my palette." I started, but he did not open his mouth further than to make a remark, and instead instead of a solidly-lined table about five or six feet long, mounted on casters which allowed it to be moved to any part of the bridge, most convenient to his work. I noticed it was fitted with compartments to contain the necessary colors, and that the brushes lying near were of all sizes, flat and round, varying from fine to others of several inches in width.

"What kind of colors are these you use?" I asked, pointing to the little mounds of paint that occupied the divisions of the palette table.

"They are powdered colors of the best quality, and mixed with glue and water," he answered, taking the brush he held in his hand, deftly applying it to the canvas in front of us. He worked rapidly and surprised me at the handsome and striking effects he produced with a few quick but well-considered strokes.

Experience, judgment and skill were needed, I saw, in placing the colors upon the canvas, as, being applied wet, they looked several shades darker than they appeared on the adjacent work, which had dried.

The Chinese Theory of Evolution. The rocks are the bones of the divine body, the soil is the flesh, the metals are the nerves and veins; the tide, wind, rain, clouds, frost and dew are all caused by its respirations, pulsations, and exhalations. Originally the mountains rose to the firmament, and the seas covered the mountains to their tops. At that time there was, in the divine body, no life besides the divine life. Then the waters subsided; small herbs grew, and in the lapse of cycles developed into shrubs and trees. As the body of man, unwashed for years, breeds vermin, so the mountains were infested with the bird-worms and insects, caterpillars, etc., developing out of lesser beetles in the course of ages became tortoises, etc. These worms became serpents, high-flying insects became birds, some of the turtles became pheasants, egrets became cranes, and wild cats became tigers. The striking mantis was by degrees transformed into an ape, and some of the apes became hairless. A hairless ape made a fire by striking crystal upon a rock, and with the spark struck, igniting the dry grass. With the fire they cooked food, and by eating warm virtues they grew large, strong, and knowing, and were changed into men."

Adele M. Field, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

The Jews are said to be rapidly increasing in numbers, wealth and influence in New York. Four new synagogues were recently opened within the space of ten days, and the city now has forty-seven of these places of worship, which is a larger number than can be found in any other city in the world. The Hebrew population has doubled in ten years. Some trades they almost entirely control.

STON Calendar and Weather Forecasts for 1890, by Rev. Ir. R. Hicks, made to any address or receipt of a two-cent postage stamp. Dr. J. H. McLean Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

It is estimated that there are now 35,000 total abstainers in Denmark.

You will seldom need a doctor if you have Simmon's Liver Regulator handy.

HOW TO CURE INFLUENZA.

THE BEST AND SAFEST TREATMENT OF THAT DISORDER.

Medicinal Remedies and Their Doses—To Whom the Disease Threatens Danger—Etc.

[From the Boston Herald.]

When the present epidemic, which appears to be rapidly spreading over this country, shall have abated, the files of most every newspaper of note will contain a complete history of it from the beginning to the end. Not only will the future historian of epidemics be able in that way to trace its outbreak from day to day, but he can fully inform himself as to the popular methods of treatment employed. Beside all these details, we will find, also, infinite conjectures as to the nature of the affection and its causes. Just at present this epidemic is quite naturally, considering its prevalence, the one absorbing topic of newspaper discussion. Column upon column is devoted to the subject, and with the theories of the so-called experts are blended the testimonials of laymen, and the reputed essentials of treatment—all in a tangle, which no one, except he be a physician, can hope to unravel.

First, the public are informed that this epidemic is in some way related to cholera, and but of precursors of that terrible malady. Then it is suggested that it is the dengue, or break-bone fever, imported from the regions of Africa and slightly altered in the course of its migration to a milder and moister climate. The English holder of the field with other theorists and claimed the epidemic as its own "sweating sickness," which found victims for some sixty-five years between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and then seemed to run out. The French recognize this prevailing disorder as disagreeable old friend, "la grippe," or influenza, which visited them at irregular intervals during the last three centuries. Americans are more modest, and, as a rule, are very willing to concede that the epidemic belongs to Europe. They are not, however, ready to accept the theories that have come over with it. Individual speculations on these points have been reported in the papers, but rarely have any appeared from representative physicians. The professional code is rigid, and physicians whose opinions are of value religiously cleave to it. They will not air their views in public prints nor permit themselves to be quoted and brought into prominence. For that reason interviewers find them extremely disappointing; and what is unfortunate, neither they nor the public can appreciate this, one of the greatest of the virtues of the medical profession—rigid restraint by a sense of propriety with undiminished skill.

The majority of scene painters of our time are accomplished artists in oil and water colors, and specimens of their talent are to be observed in the Academy exhibitions every season. Many scene artists, finding the physical labor and mental anxiety of the work making inroads on their health, abandon this branch of their vocation and find success in landscape, marine and portrait painting. W. H. Lippincott, of the Academy of Design and Scientific Water Colors, is a notable instance. Beginning as a scenic artist, he has since turned his attention to the less arduous task of painting in oils. W. H. Lippincott, of Palmer's and the Madison Square Theaters, is another individual, with little knowledge of true artistic work; but there are in this, as in every profession, all grades, ranging from artists who take a pride in their work to those who handle their brushes in a careless, indifferent manner.

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At this point the artist took up his brush with a little sigh of weariness, and I saw that he longed to be again at work. So, through the mazes of the ladders, scenery and broken-down furniture, and all sorts of theatrical properties, I wandered into the crowded street again.

Many are like him, and the erroneous impression that scene painters are ordinary individuals, with little knowledge of true artistic work; but there are in this, as in every profession, all grades, ranging from artists who take a pride in their work to those who handle their brushes in a careless, indifferent manner.

As far as I am concerned, I have no objection to an exhibition of his efforts. The custom of calling an author before the curtain to personally receive the compliments of an audience on the initial performance of his play, is said to be a French idea, and not adopted in England until quite as late as Garrick's time. The calling out of scenic artists to receive the public's approbation has come into vogue within our own recollection, and there are but few artists who have enjoyed this recognition of their talents."

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FARM AND ORCHARD.

IMPORTANCE OF INTRODUCING NEW BLOOD IN POULTRY.

Veal Calves for Market—Straight Rows
—New Breeds of Fowls—
Farm Notes.

New blood in poultry is the basis of beauty, vigor and prolificness. It is more essential to successful poultry culture than all else combined. Fowls that are inbred, that have been bred in line several years without the addition or infusion of fresh variety, but to which they are not directly related, become inactive, diminutive and unprofitable.

It has been said that inbred fowls breed true to feather, and that for this reason, because they all come alike and are therefore best suited to exhibition, inbreeding is desirable, and this is true to a very great extent, for we have tried it. They do come alike in more respects than one. They breed true to feather, it is true, but they also have the same inactive, stupid and unattractive appearance. Their very life seems to have been dulled. They are slow to develop in form and muscle, and they are slow to lay.

While inbred fowls may be suitable for exhibition purposes, they are certainly unprofitable, and for this reason, with the person who is keeping poultry for profit, they should have no part or lot.

Far more desirable is the fowl that by its very appearance, is very move and action manifests the fresh, new blood that it embodies. There is an activity, grace and vigor about it that is refreshing.

The male bird that comes of fresh blood is the one that is ever on the alert to agreeable surroundings. Every choice bit of food that he finds he saves for them, and he calls them about him with a gallantry that is admirable. He leads them to the nest over which he crows with a satisfactory crow that seems to manifest a knowledge of its value in the poultry world.

A male bird of this kind crows from the top of the fence, with a flap of the wings that always gives notice of the bugle call that is to follow.

Equal to the male bird of fresh blood is the hen that comes of similar parentage. She is keen, active, healthy and vigorous, and one of the best layers of her kind. In truth, in no way does new blood manifest itself more strongly than in the laying quality of the hen.

It is absolutely necessary, in order to have our hens lay properly, that is, to lay enough eggs, to provide for the fresh blood in our flocks every year. The writer has kept a record for several years and observed closely, and in every instance the pullets of the newest blood that come of a flock in which a male absolutely unknown to the females had been introduced the spring previous were always the first to lay, in point of age, and made the best layers generally.

To have healthy, vigorous and profitable poultry, we must then, without any question, introduce new blood annually into our flocks.—*Southern Cultivator*.

REAL CALVES FOR MARKET.

There never as yet has been an over-supply of good veal on the American market. So early as the first of September well-fatted calves which will weigh from 140 to 170 pounds (these are the extreme weights approved of by dealers) will command eight cents per pound; at the same date, calves which have obtained scanty nourishment pastures set at two to two and three-fourths cents per pound, while calves which have received better milk as well will sell at two and seven-eighths to three and three-fourths cents per pound. Those farmers who provide a ration of meat, feed calves up to 200 to 270 pounds per head, and secure a good profit in selling at three to five cents per pound, according to quality. The annual slaughter of bob-calves and the downright murder of starving grass-fed calves is one of the things which are past the comprehension of those who are frequenters of the markets of great cities. Let a farmer who keeps a few dairy cows provide himself early in the season to keep off himself, and when milk contracts are offered to him, let the answer be: "I can this year only sell half of my milk-flow." Then, when the calf-speculator comes, as he is certain to do, then reply to his queries should be: "I have no calves to sell. Later on I will have some choice ones to offer you." Any farmer can obtain as early as the month of July, six to six and a half cents per pound for early calves; further on in the season seven to seven and three-fourths cents per pound can be realized; and late calves fed up to weight will sell in November and December at nine to ten and a half cents per pound.—*American Agriculturist*.

STRAIGHT ROWS.

The farm should always be ploughed out and divided into fields. One object in this is to plan and carry on a good system of rotation. Another, the manure can be applied to a better advantage, and a third, is that a better system of accounts can be kept, and the cost of raising the different crops be ascertained as well as the amount of the profit it is possible to derive from each. It will be quite an item in planning out the farm in this way to arrange the fields in as convenient a form as possible for planting and cultivating. A few short rows on one side of a field or a crooked branch through a field that cannot be crossed interferes considerably in the economical working of it. It not only increases the work of preparing the land for a crop, but also adds to the work of cultivating and harvesting. Sometimes this is unavoidable, but in many cases a little work in straightening out a run of this kind, and so arranging the farm so that the fields will be straight on the sides, or as nearly so as possible, will lessen the work of growing and harvesting the crops, and also increase the yield. With cultivated crop there is always an additional waste in turning, and in harvesting another waste is occasioned. When it can be done without much inconvenience, more and better work can be performed if the fields are oblong, and this is of sufficient importance to make it an item to arrange as completely as possible. If the farm is properly laid out much of the fencing can be dispensed with, and thus will lessen the expense of keeping up the fence. Even if the plan of pasturing the fields is followed it will be policy to lessen the work of fencing as much as possible. And the fields can be prepared with a less expense, and the crops can be cultivated more easily if the farm is planned so that at least all the cultivated crops can be grown in long, straight rows. During the fall and winter when the greater part of the fields are without a growing crop is a good time to make a plan of the farm and arrange the fields so that they can be worked to the best advantage. Number each field and open an account with it, and while a system of rotation should be carried out, an account can be kept with each field and the profit or loss be determined.—*Practical Farmer*.

THE ORPINGTONS.

The breed is made up of a mixture of Plymouth Rock, Black Minorca and Langshan, with a view of combining the good points of each. In form the Orpington is a symmetrical, upstanding bird with a fine graceful carriage; the plumage black throughout, with green reflections. The legs are free from feathers, dark, strong, and of medium length; four toes on each foot, with white toe-nails. The face is

red; comb single, not large, and less liable to freeze than those of the Mediterranean breeds. The breast is broad, deep, and full, with long, straight breast-bone. The skin is white, thin, and fine in texture. The standard weight of the cock is fully matured at about nine pounds of the hens, seven pounds. The chicks are hardy, and feather and mature early. The object of William Cook in forming this new breed was to combine abundance of eggs with superior flesh for the table, hardiness of constitution, rapid growth, and fine form and plumage. To effect this he selected the Black Minorca because it is a great layer, the Plymouth Rock for its general good qualities and the color of its eggs; the Langshan for its large size, laying qualities and excellent flesh. These breeds he crossed together, and after seven years of experimenting he contends that his Orpington breed of fowls, for general purpose, are the best birds he has. He has sold specimens of them to all quarters of the globe and they have given universal satisfaction.—*American Agriculturist*.

COCONUT BUTTER.

In the last Consular reports published by the State Department there is an interesting account by Charles Monaghan of Mannheim, of coconut butter, a fatty substitute for butter, which is now displacing oleomargarine and genuine butter in Germany. The practicality of making a substitute for butter from the meat of the coconut was discovered by Dr. Schlimm, chemist of Ludwigshafen. It has been manufactured for a year at Mannheim. The daily production is 3,000 kilograms of butter, which sells at 13 cents to 15 cents per pound. With this butter at 25 cents to 35 cents a pound, the cost of the article would be slightly increased.

The word "quandary" is a great preventive of disease, says the *Sheep Breeder and Wool Grower*. Witness the health of flocks grazing on the salt grasses of the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts, the lowland villa (*Sp. robis/aurois*) of Utah, and the "salt brush" of Arizona. Though they may be slightly injured at first by the excess of salt in this class of vegetation, ultimately they cease to be affected by it, and thenceforth they are measurably proof against most diseases which assail their kind.

Horticulturists are now endeavoring to breed out the troublesome core from apples. We quote from the New York *Argus*: "Two cases lately put on record seedless sorts of apples, one of which represents as a large and good wine variety—comes from a tree in close with Professor Claypole's proposition to breed out the troublesome core from the best of our fruits. It is worthy of attention, especially as the trees are much more exhausted by the production of seeds than by that of their development, and usually more seeds, less eatable pulp and the harsher its quality."

The word "quaint" has been accorded better treatment in the markets of Great Britain than those from the United States. There is nothing strange about this when the relation of Canada to the mother country is considered. It has been proposed, though lately, by some Canadian statesmen, that cattle from the United States should be admitted into that country without restriction. The agricultural press opposes this measure, on the ground that it would result in Canadian exportation being superseded by the same difficulties which now attend the export trade of the United States. It is not at all likely that this restriction will be removed.

The word "quaint" has been equally entertaining histories.

Quackquack we have jumbled into "kickshaw" and "groggaw" respectively, the *joujou* or playthings of former French children. "Rotten row," the famous London street, recalls *la route du roi* (the king's passageway). Our "dandelion" is *de dent de lion* (the lion's tooth), and "vinegar" was *vin aigre* (sour wine). *Redingote* is "riding coat," borrowed by the French from our own language, and returned to us in a new guise with the dressmaker's stamp of approval. *Biscuit* keeps alive the Latin *bis coccus* (twice cooked), and a "verdict" is simply a *vere dictum* (true saying).

Some of our words have had a sad fall from their original high place. "Huzza" was a respectable housewife; a "knave" was simply a boy, the German *Knecht* of today, and a "catif" was in the first place merely a captive. A "villain" before the stigma of disgrace was attached to him, was the laborer on the villa of a Roman country gentleman, but like the Anglo-Saxon "boor," likewise a rustic laborer originally, he has been dealt with harshly by the hand of time. A "pagan" was a countryman, too, and as he was dilatory about embracing the new religion of Christ he gave the word its present meaning.

"Varlet" is the same word as "vile," and each is a Vishnu of the feudal "vassal," like *fall from grace* being the lot of "vile" once dandling goodlings,

while "orchard" has risen a little from its original designation of "root yard."

Kings in the earliest days were hardly the "fathers of families," and the word is derived from the same source as "kin." Queen at first meant "wife" or "mother," and a survival of its early significance exists in "quean," used now only in a bad sense. An earl was an "elder" in the primitive society, while Pope is the same as "papa," and Czar and Kaiser are both "Cesars." Lord is the Anglo-Saxon *hlaford* (loaf distributor). The Latin term for "lord" (*dominus*) has given us "domine," the old term for preacher, and the same word is found in "dame" and "tame." Madame is "my lady," and sir has been extracted from the Latin *sutor* senior to its original designation of "root yard."

Our "currants" are the diminutive grapes of Corinth, in Greece. "Roamer" are people who go to Rome to see the Pope, and "seunterers" was the appellation bestowed on the religious enthusiasts who made the pilgrimage to the *sainte terre*—the Holy Land. A "country" dance is a *contra* (opposite) dance, and the frequently mistaken etymology of this word calls to mind the fact that a "uberos" has nothing of the rose about it, being simply a tuberous plant, while "slay" is not the slave of the old etymologists, but in reality a man of noble lineage. Similarly "stop" does not mean to do with stops, as some amateur etymologists have said, but means clothing shop, the word coming from the Icelandic *skorpa*, a coat. The "stop chest" on board ship has the same derivation. "Foolscap" too is not so called from the existence on it of a water mark resembling a fool's cap, as most people believe, but from the shape of the folio. It is from the same root that we get our word "foliage." When a man says he does not care a "curse" he means that he does not care a cress, the lingual metathesis here being similar to that which makes "gooseberries" out of gooseberries, "ax" out of *axe* and "waist" out of *wasp*.

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DAILY RECORD-UNION

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Published six days in each week, with Double
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For three months.....\$1.50Subscribers served by Carriers at FIFTEEN
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the full Associated Press dispatches from all
parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco,
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home and general circulation throughout the
State.Weather Forecasts for To-day.
California—Fair weather; northwesterly
winds; nearly stationary temperature.Oregon and Washington—Fair weather; vari-
able winds; nearly stationary temperature in
western portion; slightly warmer in eastern.

OBJECTS OF ART AS EDUCATORS.

The Daily Bee of Omaha, Neb., after
speaking of the exhibit of 500 pictures made by the Western Art Association sees
“no reason why Omaha should not become a center of art culture worthy of her high
culture in other educational directions.” If
the people of Omaha are true to themselves they will build an art gallery for
the free use of the people and store therein
a collection that will do them honor and
tend to elevate and refine the tastes of
their citizens and make them better in all
respects.They may not be so fortunate as Sacramento, and receive out of hand such a
splendid collection of art works as Mrs. E.
B. Crocker bestowed upon this city. They
may be so fortunate, however, as to be en-
dowed by wealth with the means to accu-
mulate a collection something like it.In this hard and pushing age, when
money and goot's inspire most ambition,
no community can give some attention to
art works, literature, fine architecture and
parks without experiencing immediate and
great benefit. Art is an educator, and the
more clearly this is realized the better for
any people. When New York recently
opened an exhibition of art, that was super-
ior to any ever gathered in this country; when Philadelphia, about the same
time, threw open its Exhibition of Art
Industries, it was discovered that the at-
tendance was not of the connoisseurs alone,
but that the masses of people flocked to
commune with the beautiful, elevating and
helpful exhibits. Close observers were
surprised to find among all classes of visitors
evidences of keen appreciation and en-
joyment quite unexpected. Moreover, it
was made apparent in both cases that
there is a growing love for the beautiful
among the people, for but rarely was an
indifferent glance given. Some hundreds
viewed the exhibits hurriedly, but there
were not the poor, who are unable to
possess art treasures.There were a few who exclaimed against
“locking up so much money” in art works,
and who insisted that it could be better
used in relieving human distress. But
these forgot that art is a stimulant to be-
nevolence; that it directly contributes to
the labor of worthy humanity; that it
preaches the lessons of charity and the
virtues of the liberal use of wealth for the
good of men.In a recent lecture by Rev. Joseph
Krauskopf, D. D., of Philadelphia, that
distinguished, vigorous thinker, who is pre-
eminently the friend of the poor and of
education, referring to those who hold in-
vestment in art works to be waste, pointed
out that there are two charities—that
which we owe to others, that which we
owe to ourselves. While it is a duty to
minister to others, so, too, it is imperative
that we minister to ourselves. While there
are bodies to be clothed, hands to be filled
with employment and fainting stomachs
to be satisfied, there are also hearts and
souls with aspirations, desires and ambitions
that clamor for our aid. If we well
said, there are any of us who do not give
all we possess to the poor, we have no
right to rail against those who, not neg-
lecting their duty to the suffering, expend
superfluous wealth to gratify pure tastes
and educate the people in the love
for harmony, beauty, grace in architecture,
painting, sculpture, or any other of the
fine arts. In short, we are not to make
life more dreary by refusing of abundance
to feed the better tastes.He saw in art galleries fine art exhibi-
tions and encouragement of regard for the
beautiful, an educational force of im-
mense value to us as a people. He wel-
comed what he believed has dawned in
America, the age of which Bishop Berke-
ley wrote 150 years ago in his vision of the
destiny of this nation—“There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and arts,
The good and wise and noblest page,”We are rich in energy, courage,
agriculture, commerce, industries, men
and women, but not in art, and the recent
exposition at Paris proved that while in
so much we lead, “in the pure and applied
arts we lag painfully behind.” England
expends \$2,191,120 annually on schools of
art and science; the United States expends
nothing. It took 25,000,000 pounds of
American copper to buy the artistic
bronzes we imported from Europe in 1888.
We boast that this chiseling, that tapers,
yonder bronze is of European production,
and thus publish the artistic poverty of
our own country.

Are we not too intensely practical? Do

we not doom our children to dreary mo-
notony in the school-room, barren of any-
thing to gratify or awaken the artistic
sense, or fashion the love for the graceful,
the orderly, the expressive and the beau-
tiful? This learned lecturer in similar
words deplores the absence in our town
of even the simplest forms of foun-
tains, statuary and picturesqueness. He
believes that we are, as Berkley predicted,
the people of “the wisest heads,” but that
we will not become the people of “the
noblest hearts” until we add to our vigor,
our inventive genius, our money-getting
ability, our independence and our wonder-
ful individuality—the ennobling, educa-
tive influences of art; until sculpture, artis-
tic architecture, artistic industries,
painting, love of music, song, poetry and
of nature have stamped loftier ideals upon
our souls, and breathed purer, sweeter,
higher aspirations into our ambitions.”In such a strain, pointing out that learning
has most ruled when love of art prevailed;
that Egypt, Judea, Athens, Rome, Cordova
and Venice reached their highest state of
civilization when they attained the highest
point of artistic culture, and that before
the pursuit of the good and the beautiful,
the dark ages disappeared, this earnest
pleader continued in a claim for art as
an educator, that ought to be read and
pondered by every thoughtful man and
woman.He grants that art as an educator does
not reach all; nor do either religion or
science; it does not affect all alike for
good; but its presence is an enabling influ-
ence upon the many. In brief, he declares
that in art there is morality, religion,
wisdom and culture, and that Emerson was
right when he said “Raphael paints wisdom,
Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakespeare
writes it, Wren builds it.”He concludes, and who is prepared to
deny the soundness of his assertion, that
we surest find corruption where art is
wanting; that where we see dirt we look
for vice; where we find harmony, beauty,
order and virtue we expect virtue; that
while he did not consider art a panacea for
vice and crime, yet a few small parks and
a few green lawns; a few reading rooms,
art galleries and museums and free con-
certs; a small distribution of embossing
pictures, will be more likely to convert the
vicious, covet the criminal, and are better
aims to build up a virtue-loving and God-
fearing people, than libraries of tracts,
thousands of prayer meetings and the
frowns of Police Courts.

THE MEMORY OF MARY, AGAIN.

Some weeks ago we referred to the
movement put on foot by the ladies of
Fredericksburg, Va., to rescue from the
neglect of years the grave of the mother of
Washington. Since then the matter has
attracted much attention at the East and
on this coast, and it is ascertained that
the entombment of the remains and the erec-
tion of a monument will be accomplished.We adhere to the position first taken by
the RECORD-UNION, that the National
Government should do the work; that
Congress should feel it to be a duty and a
privilege to do it. The danger is, that the
enthusiasm of the moment will die out,
and that the contempt of future generations
for the neglect chargeable to us will re-
sult in the identity of the grave of Mary
Washington being lost?Now, will the nation in all its wealth,
with all its professions of regard for the
pioneers of American liberty, permit such
a woman's grave to remain unmarked?Will we, as a people, invite the pity, if not
the contempt, of future generations for
the neglect chargeable to us that will re-
sult in the identity of the grave of Mary
Washington being lost?

THE BOARD OF FREEHOLDERS.

The RECORD-UNION has said that it has
no personal objection to any citizen nomi-
nated for the Board of Freeholders by the
Trustees. For each of them the highest
esteem is entertained. But it believes that
stronger grouping can be made, and that
better results will ensue. Several of
the gentlemen named by the Trustees to
be voted for, have declined to serve. This
will necessitate reformation of the list pre-
sented. We learn that a large number of
citizens have been in serious consulta-
tion as to the composition of the new list, and
that a ticket will soon be presented for
consideration, which it is believed, will
more nearly meet the needs of the city, and
respond to the importance of the work of
making a new Charter. When the
new ticket is completed we will publish it,
and if it meets the expectations entered
upon concerning it, it will receive the
support of this journal.The monument was more than half com-
pleted when the patriotic donor met with
business reverses—was driven into
bankruptcy; the work on the construction of
necessity ceased, so far as he was con-
cerned, and since then nothing has been done
towards its completion. The fine
marble obelisk that was to crown the pile
has laid at the foot of the tomb ever since,
and through neglect and the assaults of
curiosity of visitors has been ruined, while
the marble base has partly fallen over, and
now a mass of ruins mark the spot.As late as 1858 Mr. Burrows, then an
old man and trading between China and
California, was still striving to save the
means from his own income to complete
his self-imposed task of building the mon-
ument. In 1866 Mr. Lossing published
his interesting book “Mary and Martha,
the Mother and the Wife of George Wash-
ington,” in which he bitterly complained
that the monument had been left unin-
ished, and recited that but three of the
white marble columns of eight, which had
been placed in the sunken panels, re-
mained; that no fence guarded the spot,
and that the stones were grass-grown,
partly overthrown and defaced.Custis, in his memoirs of Mary Washing-
ton, written in 1860, declared that had this
distinguished woman been of olden time
“statues to her memory would have been
erected in the Capitol, and that she would
have been called the mother of Romans.”
Washington himself said that he had but
faint recollection of his father and his pa-
ternal fondness, but to his mother he ascribed
the moral, intellectual and physical
training that made the son what he was,
and gave him “all the qualities of usefulness
he might be deemed to possess.” Now
comes Edwin D. Mead in the New England
Magazine, and pleads with the people to
aid the women of Fredericksburg to
complete the monument. He presents two
views of the structure as it now appears in
its ruined state.On Thursday we called attention to the
“mesmeric” religious revival carried on at
Oakland in a tent by a parcel of half-
crazed fanatics, who work their converts
into a nervous condition, in which they
are easily hypnotized. It was related that
one young girl lay upon the rostrum of the
meeting place for many hours in a trance-
like condition, and was rescued by her
guardian only after invoking the aid of the
police. Since then there has been a seri-
ous riot in the tent, indignant citizens
resisting the continuance of the frenzied
scenes. But they are repeated daily and
nightly, and scores of men and women are
led into that state of hysteria in which
they believe they see angels, and look into
the depths of hell as well as into the glo-Revolution was thus practically closed,
Washington set out to visit his mother, whom he had not seen since his appoint-
ment to the command of the army. He
was accompanied by a brilliant array of
French officers, who were full of anxiety to
meet the woman who was the mother of
such a son. She received him with warmth
and as one well beloved, and solicitously
inquired as to his health, remarked upon
his personal appearance and noted the
lines care worn in his features; but to
the amazement of the French officers, she
never once referred to his glorious achieve-
ments, and the high position he occupied
in the eyes of the world. They expected to
see the mother elated, joyous, and all
but wild with pride in her son. Pride
indeed was manifest, but it was under the
veil of maternal love for her son rather
than the hero. With dignity and self-pos-
session, Mary Ball—whom descended from
that John Ball of England, whom Green, in
his “Shorter History,” characterized as a
pioneer of liberty, in whose preaching Eng-
land first listened to the knell of feudalism
and the declaration of the rights of men
was born—had the same effect upon the
French officers as upon the Americans. The
French officers were deeply impressed by
her nobility of character and her great
natural beauty.Others are thrown into the
trance-like condition, and are exposed
for hours to the gaze of the curious. The
young girl who was rescued by her
guardian remains seriously ill, and physicians
fear that the shock to her nervous system
will result in permanent insanity, if it
does not deprive her of life. The leading
physicians of Oakland are agreed that the
continuation of the meeting will result in
numerous cases of serious nervous prostra-
tion and more of insanity. Some of the
“converts” have already been committed to
the insane asylum, and others are certain to
follow. It is not known exactly what time
this meeting will be held.SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE—A FEW
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The boat is 26 feet long, 7 feet beam; a four
horse power (coal oil) engine; fitted up; a good
houseboat; will be sold for \$1,000. Apply to
us.FOR SALE—TWO THOROUGHBRED JERSEY
milch cows; are young, gentle and fresh
milking. For particulars inquire of A. C.
CLARK, 1010 K street.FOR SALE—AN IMPORTED PERCHERON
Stallion, age 10 years, color gray, weight
1,000, sure footed; will take good horses
or broad mares in exchange. Inquire at
RECORD-UNION office. ja9 54*FOUR SALE—FOUR LOTS 80x160 NORTH
of city; above all possible floods; near street
cars; city and pure well water; perfect drainage
and sewerage. Inquire at 1766 O street. ja9 54*FOR SALE—ONE NORMAN DAPPLED
gray stallion, seven years old; also one
thoroughbred Kentucky jax, six years old. In-
quire of J. S. FOSTER, RECORD-UNION office. ja9 54*FOR SALE—HEAD FINE, YOUNG
horses, also a few older horses, at 1766 O street,
Red Men's Hall, at 7:30 o'clock.SALES MEETING AT HILL STAR
Rooms, 10th and K street, Saturday evening,
December 24, 1890. Apply to BEN
JONES, JR., 1010 K street, or J. S. FOSTER,
1766 O street.PERSONAL-CARBLE. DON'T MISS THE
Blues and the roller coaster at the Rink to night. [It] FREE!ANTED—PRIVATE BOARD AND ROOM
by gentleman and wife. Address, stating
terms, location, etc., “1610 K street, city.” ja9 54*NOTICE—\$25 REWARD WILL BE PAID
for the recovery of a dog, the property
of SOZODONT, whose wondrous power
works miracles in a short hour. TTSTO LET—NO. 1613 P STREET, A COTTAGE
with garden and barn on the place. Apply
to J. S. FOSTER, RECORD-UNION office. ja9 54*TO RENT—A HOUSE CONTAINING FOUR
rooms and good yard on Sixteenth street
between Q and R. Inquire of J. F. MENKE,
Seventeenth and R streets. ja11-3*

GENERAL NOTICES.

There's not a speck, there's not a stain
That the teeth can't chisel to see,
But the dog's dead, dead again,
If not rev'd right speedily
By SOZODONT, whose wondrous power
Works miracles in a short hour. TTSIT IS AFFILIATED WITH DR. ISAAC
THOMPSON'S EYE WATER. Sold at 25 cents. ja9 54*Decker Bros.—The artist's piano. Write
to KOHLER & CHASE, San Francisco. ja9 54*

Lewis Winter, Wood Engraver, 627 J. t.

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to inform his patients and all those in need of
dentistry that he has reduced his prices one
half, and will guarantee all operations to be
first-class, and sanitary or no charge made.
ja1-1mWSThe best place in California to have your
printing done: A. J. Johnston & Co., 410 J
street, Sacramento, Cal.

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LADIES' solid colors all-wool Hose, extra length, 3 pairs for 50 cents.

Ladies' solid colored Cotton Hose, 3 pairs for 50 cents. Great bargain.

SOUND SENSE.

A PRACTICAL MAN GIVES SOME GOOD ADVICE TO THE PUBLIC.

John Etel Explains How European Cities Plan and Carry Out Public Improvements.

ED. RECORD-UNION: I beg to inquire through your journal what effect the late electric light franchise granted will have upon future corporations intending to supply this city at far lower rates. In other words, is it possible that the present corporations can keep out others in the future? If such is a fact, this city is somewhat like an animal infected with a parasite that sucks its life-blood and cannot be dislodged. Has the city not enough of that already?

About eight or ten years ago the writer, in a communication through your paper, pointed out the water power of Folsom and suggested utilizing it for electric purposes. In those days insulation was somewhat of a drawback, but we may take it for granted that in large cities of the world an electric light plant has almost a circuit of nineteen miles, about the distance from the "source of supply" to this city. To the writer there is no doubt that if the power is fully utilized in the transmission of power by means of turbines and dynamo-magnetic machines will be adopted if carried to our doors, and if they can supply you half rates, will you keep them out?

Some time ago the Government appointed Commissioners to look into the electric light motor, and the Commission reported upon 233 cities (of which over sixty cities were named) in the *Scientific American* supplement about the 14th of December last. Out of the whole number only Elberburg, Wash., have granted a franchise for a year, which is to be carried out, or the people would not be paid. The engineers probably who have, or will carry out the important work are not placed there by political parties or cliques. When the sewerage of Paris was taken, Louis Napoleon had men engaged who were not even experimenters. They were French in their line of work.

If Sacramento wants to get out of its stills, it must employ men like other cities, or say, our railroad corporations, qualified for their positions in their line, and with proper material, street and sidewalkings will be built as substantial as in other cities and countries.

In any city where public reading matter, sustained by the tax-payers, averages the year round from 74 to 78 per cent, in fiction, expectations generally run high, but practical results are small, because the foundation is not real. If over zealous temperance societies want to make novel reading, then more wild, popular novels in the roughest, as well as the more delicate. Bad mental food is frequently sold.

ALLEGED FORGERIES.

Mrs. Martha Smith Under Arrest for Serious Offense.

Mrs. Martha Smith is under arrest for alleged attempts to pass forged checks upon banking and business firms. When taken into custody three checks were found in her possession, of which one was for \$500 on the People's Saving's Bank, payable to her and bearing the signature of George Taverne, who resides on the Cosumnes. The others were for \$600 each.

The check on the People's Bank she presented on Thursday, but its payment was refused because Taverne had no account there. It is said that Mrs. Smith presented a \$100 check with the name of a prominent lawyer attached, to a K Street firm the other day in payment for a small bill of goods, but also was refused.

None of the parties to whom the woman presented these checks have as yet sworn out complaints against her, but some of those whose names are alleged to have been forged may yet do so.

Mrs. Smith is the woman who last summer charged William Harlow with obtaining property from her by false pretenses. The matter was afterward compromised by Harlow, returning the money obtained on the sale of her ranch and returning the deed thereof.

Persons who know Mrs. Smith pretty well prefer to believe that she is mentally "off her balance," rather than that she is a swindler. She has been a hard-working woman, and many will remember her as the owner of a large wagon several years ago, delivering milk about the city at all hours and in all kinds of weather while her husband was an invalid.

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Dig into the bosom of Mother Earth and look upon the great bonanza brought down from the higher elevations as the when the river overflowed its banks when overtaxed. Now, man attempted like the boy after a big shower, to hem that force and cause the river to carry the whole volume set loose on its natural course to the ocean. If he succeeds, it is a work that is besides a sanitary question of the greatest importance to any city. Do you want unqualified men to carry out such work, simply because they need office, belong to certain political parties or are put forward by the so-called "influential citizens?" those people who sign petitions for and against any enterprise?

Much of note in our experience is burnt in our memory, and it may be applied to an individual, as well as a city. Sacramento had a few, and one danger must be looked upon as permanent, and that danger is from high water, as when the city in 1861-2 have been had hints several times since not to crow too loud about our safety, about the time when outside of our safeguard water rules supreme. As there are mountains of snow stored up behind us, with the alarm that we can be rapidly forced to break down upon us, it would be probably safer if we were to combine our gladness with our Fourth of July jollification, for about that time we are sure to be safe.

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A LONDON STORY.

Milly was the poor little soul's name; no one had ever called her anything else—only Milly.

She made her scanty living by embroidery, residing in a forlorn-looking, dark and narrow room that was yet fortunate enough to boast one small window on the street. Ay, that window was Milly's glory; the joy and delight of her existence. The street was a dingy London one; hardly a thoroughfare, and therefore not noisy; but gay, and even delectably worldly, in the child's eyes. For she was not more than a child as yet; though worn in face and serious-looking, she was young in years, scarce seventeen surely at most; while in character she was very childish still. London-born, she was shrewd and quick in many things, keenly alive to the necessity of daily work, thoroughly expectant of the money-loving ways of her employers, and astute with regard to life generally; nevertheless a fund of freshness and innocence in Milly's soul was won often to burst forth like a sweet pure spring of water coming from depths unknown, ready to gladden and solace the arid hearts of her neighbors. She was friendly to those neighbors, who some of them befriended her. But she had always been much alone. She was almost like a prisoner, this little lame and feeble-bodied seamstress, of whom no one understood, who spent her unceas'd for weeks, looking over a frame of needlework, carrying out ideas and designs of others—only occasionally, as a rare luxury, allowed to work her own will and her own fancies into the threads of silk and pieces of linen or satin "left over." If a boy's will be the wind's will, what shall be said of a girl's? Is it light, ephemeral, like the sea-fish? Or stronger, like bindweed in gardens? Or firm and brave and shining, like the marble that makes the coping-stones of palaces? I know not.

Milly cared little for the vehicles that sometm es went rambling down her street, nor for the sad-looking, poorly-dressed pedestrians who were the only frequenters of that neighborhood, nor for the loud-voiced vendors of cheap goods in bars. It was the corner of gray sky—occasionally a pallid blue—which she liked, and which (by squeezing well) in bewtix a heavy table and the window-sill, and craning her head back, she could look out greatly enjoy, in contrast to the dingy atmosphere of her lodging. But what she loved best of all to gaze on from her window was the shop opposite—a shop so glorious, so lovely, so comforting and yet heart-stirring, that the child could never be satisfied with looking and wondering at it.

A flower-shop it was. What are flowers made of, and how do they come? Ask the Londoners. How are they gathered and brought together in their infinite beauty of tone and color, in their brilliancy and freshness, in their tenderness and sweetness? Flowers in pots, flowers in bunches, flowers in sprays, straggling groups of flowers, and single silken blossoms—all these filled and decked the windowsills of the shop, disposed in all these gladdening broderies. It mattered not, when her eyes were delighted with this dream of fairy color, that she was lame; nor did she remember, her many sorrows, when with hot, trembling hands, she threaded her needle and felt her loveliest silks, glancing up now and then to gain from beyond the narrow street a new draught from her source of inspiration. Fast flew her fingers, fast grew the flowers beneath her touch; like yet not like the originals; pretty, perchance, yet disappintingly different to expectation, thought the little artist, who remained (without knowledge of the why or wherefore) this failure of a great invention.

For she intended to copy nature. Nay, who that has once seen nature can be readily content with a counterfeit?

Every now and then, at sparse intervals of time when she was thoroughly disheartened and disgusted with her own ham-lam-work, Milly would fetch her old hat and cap out of the cupboard—her cupboard where she kept everything, from a piece of dry bread to an empty blacking bottle and an old Bible—and dress herself laboriously and crawl over to the opposite side of the street, and stand there, her face pressed against the panes of the flower-shop window, till she could stand upright no more. If the weather were cold, her slender form shivered under the threadbare black cape, her face grew more pinched than ever before; but she held it slowly drooped and been slightly removed. That was the way of the world, doubtless; but there are some people who never get used to the ways of the world. Milly was haply one of these.

She had one friend—though I should rather say one acquaintance, for he was scarcely more—and that was the little crossing-sweeper, the poor boy Jim.

Their misfortunes were a bond between them, perhaps; they were both crippled, though slightly, from infancy. He was hump-backed; she was lame. He was swift of foot and of eye, and could pilot her dexterously over the muddy way, safe from horses' feet or splash of wheels; she, the girl, was stronger of hand, brighter of face and of courage. She had more than once taken the bosome from Jim's hand, and swept away the mud with her white bedclothes and white-washed walls, and the shadowed corners in so that he had never noticed her eyes for what seemed but a few minutes. When she was conscious again she saw that something lay between her fingers—it was her own precious bunch of flowers. How quickly it had withered, though. She tried to lift her hand, but could not. She was afraid she had done wrong even to try. But no one was heading her. Two shadowy figures were talking near her bed.

"She was so lame, poor dear, she could not run. And the dray horse knocked her down, and the wheel ran over her."

"How terrible!"

"The little humpback boy did his best to save her, but he ran up too late—it was a plucky thing, anyhow."

"He seems very fond of her—it will bring us lots of trouble."

"I hope he'll see her again."

Milly had heard it all. It scarcely affected her, however; scarcely seemed to concern her, in fact.

Was this maimed, motionless thing the hospital bed herself, Milly, the clever little needlewoman? Was it she who had dwelt opposite the florist's window? She opened her eyes yet wider; it seemed a little lighter now. Was this the hospital? She had often wondered what a hospital might be like. There were people here who sighed and groaned around her; she had not noticed them before. It tired her to watch them now; had they all been run over in the street? she marveled. What sad faces! What a room full of pain!

Clean it was everywhere, with tidy white bedclothes and whitewashed walls, and the shadowed corners in so that he had never noticed her eyes for what seemed but a few minutes. When she was conscious again she saw that something lay between her fingers—it was her own precious bunch of flowers. How quickly it had withered, though. She tried to lift her hand, but could not. She was afraid she had done wrong even to try. But no one was heading her. Two shadowy figures were talking near her bed.

"She was so lame, poor dear, she could not run. And the dray horse knocked her down, and the wheel ran over her."

"How terrible!"

"The little humpback boy did his best to save her, but he ran up too late—it was a plucky thing, anyhow."

"He seems very fond of her—it will bring us lots of trouble."

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A HISTORIC DUEL.

JONATHAN CILLY'S FATAL MEETING WITH WILLIAM J. GRAVES.

How Henry Clay Drafted the Challenge—Three Presidents Interested in the Affair.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press] Just before starting to New Orleans to act a pall-bearer at the funeral of Jefferson Davis, General George W. Jones of this city gave to a staff correspondent of the *Press* an account of the great duel between Jonathan Cilly of Maine and William J. Graves, which not only resulted in the death of Mr. Cilly on the field, but had an important result. General Jones was Mr. Cilly's second, and he is now the only survivor of an encounter in which President Van Buren, President Pierce, President Polk, Jefferson Davis, Henry Clay, Thomas H. Benton and many other leading men were interested directly and indirectly. General Jones, in his narrative, which is given practically in his own words, makes a great many statements of historical value—in fact, for instance, that Henry Clay wrote the form of the challenge, and insisted that the duel should be fought to the death.

General Jones, who was a delegate in Congress from Wisconsin for twelve years, a United States Senator and Minister to Bogota, is a sprightly old gentleman of 85 years, quick of speech, with a most wonderful memory. He served in the war of 1812 and the Black Hawk war, and filled various positions until the close of his political career, which ended with his service to Gen. Lafayette for two months during the early days of the war for some improper communication with Jefferson Davis. General Jones claims to have presented in Congress the first scheme to build a transcontinental railway, and did much towards making public improvements in the West.

In answer to a request from a *Press* correspondent, General Jones consented to tell the story of the duel, one of the most tragic ever fought on this continent. He began:

"I was Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Wisconsin in February, 1838, when the debate took place in the House of Representatives between Jonathan Cilly of Maine, on the one hand, and Henry A. Wise, Baile Peyton and John Bell on the other. The question was the character of the Administration of President Van Buren, who was attacked by the three gentlemen and defended by Mr. Cilly, James K. Polk, afterwards President, was then Speaker. Mr. Cilly arose in his place and said:

"It is a very easy matter for the gentlemen to make charges against the Administration of Mr. Van Buren. But it must be remembered that the newspapers charge that General James Watson Webb, editor of the *Courier and Enquirer* of New York (then the organ of the Whig party and of Henry Clay), received a bribe of \$52,000 for his advocacy of the re-chartering of the Bank of the United States."

"Wise, Peyton and Bell flew at Mr. Cilly at once. Mr. Wise said: 'Does the gentleman charge General Webb with having received a bribe of \$52,000?' Mr. Cilly replied: 'I make no charge—the newspapers make the charge.' Mr. Wise then asked: 'Does the gentleman believe the charge?' Mr. Cilly replied: 'I make no declaration, but I believe—I only state what the newspapers say.'

"Webb had in the gallery of the House a friend, Dr. Davis, correspondent for his paper. Davis reported the furious debate to General Webb in New York. Webb came down to Washington and called upon his friends and William J. Graves, Representative from Louisville, and Mr. Graves was asked to bear a note from General Webb to Mr. Cilly, which he did. Upon Mr. Graves presenting it to Mr. Cilly he declined to receive it. Mr. Cilly said: 'I have no acquaintance with General Webb, and do not wish to receive any note from him.' Graves returned with the note to Webb's mess, at Miss Hill's boarding-house on Pennsylvania avenue. It was called the Kentucky mess. Henry Clay being at the head of it.

Mr. Graves turned them to Mr. Cilly had declined to receive the note. (This I got from General Wise.) Mr. Cilly said, 'Go back and tell the—Yankee that it isn't a challenge, that it is merely a note of inquiry.' Mr. Graves went back, saw Mr. Cilly, and told him that it was a note of inquiry, whereupon Mr. Cilly replied: 'Mr. Graves, as I said before, I have no acquaintance with General Webb, and have no desire to receive the note.' Mr. Graves said that placed him in an unpleasant situation. Mr. Cilly responded: 'I have the highest respect for you. I do not decline to receive this note out of any disrespect to you, but for the reasons I have stated.' Graves went back to the Kentucky mess. Henry Clay being at the head of it.

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"Cilly said, 'What's this? An insult to you? You have got to challenge the Yankee,'

"'Cilly was a Democrat, was he not?' asked the correspondent.

"Of course, there was no Republican party then. Mr. Clay drew the form of the challenge in writing and Graves then went from the Kentucky mess to see Mr. Wise at King's, and asked Wise if he would take a challenge from him, William J. Graves, to Mr. Cilly. Wise immediately complied. He took the challenge to Mr. Cilly in the morning. Mr. Cilly took the note and said, 'I accept the challenge, Mr. Wise, and will send my friend to you.'

"What was Cilly's bearing?" asked the correspondent.

"Cool, calm, collected and cheerful. He was as brave a man could be and a kind-hearted gentleman, too. When I heard him say, 'There's the man; he'll do it,' Then I heard Colonel Benton say: 'They can't object to the rifle; you can refer them to the case of Moore and Letherer (and one or two others whose names I forget), who fought with rifles.' I went out of Dr. Linn's room to order some dinner for him at his request. Senator Pierrepont followed me, and I said, 'I'll bring my shoulder-sabre, General, will you do this?'

"I asked, 'What do you mean?' 'Don't you know?' said he, 'what's going on?' 'No, I don't,' said I. 'Don't you know that our friend Cilly has been challenged by Graves?' 'Why, no, I don't,' said I. 'What's the matter?' In consequence of that debate the other day, replied Mr. Pierrepont. 'Why, said I, 'Mr. Graves didn't have anything to say in that debate; he didn't say an objectionable word that day.' 'Well,' said Mr. Pierrepont, 'Mr. Graves has challenged Mr. Cilly, and Cilly has sent me to ask you to be his second.'

"Mr. Pierrepont said, 'I won't consent to act as second at all. I will connect me with the Democratic party.' I belonged to neither party at that time. Delegates in those days never took part in national politics. It will destroy my influence in Congress. It will also defeat my bill for an appropriation to make a survey of a railway by way of Dubuque from Milwaukee to the Pacific coast, the first proposed transcontinental line.'

"Did you propose that?" asked the correspondent.

"Yes, sir. I sent General—then Lieu-

tenant—R. E. Lee to work on the obstructions of the Missouri river. I was very intimate with the chief engineer, and when I got the appropriation made I had General Lee put on.

"'Well,' said Mr. Pierrepont, in reply to my objection, 'will you go over with me to the House of Representatives?' Mr. Cilly's second choice is General Miller, of Massachusetts. I said: 'I'll do anything except to be publicly connected with this duel.' I got into a carriage with Mr. Pierrepont and we drove over to the Vice-President's room while we went to see General Miller. He soon returned, saying General Miller peremptorily refused to serve. He then asked me to go with him to Mr. Wise. And I met in the center and loaded the rifles, each in the presence of the other. Each one placed his principal and put the rifle in his hand, the latter holding it at an angle of about 45 degrees from the ground.

"I gave the word thus: 'Gentlemen, are you ready? Fire! One, two, three; stop.' At the word 'Fire' Mr. Cilly fired into the ground, not ten feet in front of him. Mr. Graves drew up and took deliberate aim. As soon as he fired I called, 'Mr. Wise, all right?' and the answer was 'Yes.' I went to my friend and he to his. Mr. Graves had made a dead miss. I said, 'Well, load up, then.' We met again, loaded as before, and I again gave the word.

"At the word 'fire' Mr. Graves fired his gun off. Mr. Cilly took deliberate aim and about the word 'three' fired. As soon as the rifle went off, Mr. Graves stepped back a little, and I was certain he was shot. Said I: 'All right?' Mr. Wise replied 'Yes.' I said to Cilly: 'You made mine shot.' He said, 'Yes, I think I hit him.' 'Well, load up, then.' Each side chose a champion and the two are transformed into clowns. The acts that follow are the revels and haps and mis-haps of the clowns, with incidental vaudeville scenes, a cleverly contrived comedy. The players are very superior athletes, and have not been surpassed here for horizontal bar-work. Beside Cleveland, the soprano balladist of the company, is a dignified and graceful representative of progress, and sings with taste. But Hilda is a soprano balladist of the company, and is a contralto balladist of the company. She has dramatic humor and is a capital mimic. The Allen sisters and Linda Reddan give varied dances well. Orestes and Mille Dorst are French dancers. S. J. Ryan is the 'McGinty' of the company, and a mirth-provoker as such, while J. R. Riddle is a comic dancer. The pantomime is, of course, as all are of that order, one that makes the display of the female form in silk and part-colored fleshings, short skirts and low bodices and no skirt at all, as fairies of the stage are usually presented. The same entertainment this evening.

"At the word 'three' both guns went off simultaneously. Persons who didn't see the smoke were there was but one explosion. Mr. Cilly fell down. His rifle struck the frozen ground and broke off at the breach. I said, 'All right?' Mr. Wise replied 'Yes, sir.'

"As I got to Mr. Cilly he gave one low gasp and was dead. He never spoke."

"Did you hurry to him?"

"No, I walked—fast, of course, but I didn't run. Well, I got our omnibus. Mr. Wise came within twenty yards of me and said, 'How's your friend?' Said I, 'He is dead.' He went back, came again directly and said: 'General Jones, have you any objection to Mr. Graves seeing Mr. Cilly?' 'None at all.' He went back, and he, Graves and John J. Crittenden came walking up to Cilly. As they walked deliberately towards the body I saw Wise and Crittenden talking, and I was afterward informed the latter said: 'Graves, you hadn't better go up, and they turned and went away.'

"Did you go right back to Washington?"

"I immediately drew the terms upon which they were to fight, but I said, 'Mr. Cilly, you have seen only one rifle have you?' He said, 'One, one!' I said, 'I have the man friend John Forsyth (then Secretary of State) has a fine rifle.' Said to Dr. Duncan, 'Take this note and get Dr. R—'s rifle.' I said to Schaumberg, 'I go to Forsyth and get his rifle and bring them here, whilst I go to deliver this acceptance of the challenge to Mr. Graves.' I said, 'I like it except this silver end piece is too long, and the trigger a little too soft.' I said, 'I can make the trigger as hard as you please, and I can take off the end piece.' He said, 'I have the end piece caught in his coat. I took my seat at the table and wrote out the terms of the duel, which were to fight at eighty yards with rifles on the Marlborough road, leading to Baltimore.

"Did you go right back to Washington?"

"Yes; no use for doctors. The femoral artery was cut in two. We put the body in the omnibus and came back to Washington and went to Best's, where Mr. Cilly had boarded, with the corpse."

"What time was the duel?"

"It was, I think, about 11 or 12 o'clock. It was a clear day, but windy."

"You're a sorrowful party?"

"Good heavens, yes. Cilly was smiling going out there."

"On the following Sunday morning my servant came to me and said: 'Mr. Wise of Virginia, wants to see you.' I went down to the parlor to meet him. He said: 'General, are you willing to join me in making a statement for the public about this duel?' Our breakfast-bell rang and I asked him to take breakfast with me and I would consider the matter. He said, 'I would consider the matter, but I have no time.' I said, 'You have a fine rifle?' Said to Dr. Duncan, 'Take this note and get Dr. R—'s rifle.' I said to Schaumberg, 'I go to Mr. Blum and Burnham, and they go to Forsyth and get his rifle and bring them here, whilst I go to deliver this acceptance of the challenge to Mr. Graves.' I said, 'I like it except this silver end piece is too long, and the trigger a little too soft.' I said, 'I can make the trigger as hard as you please, and I can take off the end piece.'

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"Yes, master," he said. Oh, I am getting ahead of my story. I had asked Cilly why he preferred rifles. 'Are you well acquainted with the rifle?' said I. 'No, I am not,' he said, 'but I expect the Kentuckian would prefer pistols, therefore I demand rifles that I may be on an equal footing.'

"'Well,' said Wise, 'I don't know where there is a rifle in the whole city.' Then he swore again and said in disgust, 'It's a rascal's rifle.' I said, 'I have heard of their being used before.' It just then occurred to me what I heard Colonel Benton say. I went back and told what had occurred, and Cilly said, ' Didn't I tell you they expected to fight with pistols?'

"What was Cilly's bearing?" asked the correspondent.

"Cool, calm, collected and cheerful. He was as brave a man could be and a kind-hearted gentleman, too. When I heard him say, 'There's the man; he'll do it,' Then I heard Colonel Benton say: 'They can't object to the rifle; you can refer them to the case of Moore and Letherer (and one or two others whose names I forget), who fought with rifles.'

"I agreed to have two rifles we don't want, and they can have their choice or take both." Schaumberg said, 'That's right.' I went back to Wise's room and said: 'I have come to tender you the use of either of two rifles.' Mr. Wise said: 'We have now got one.'

"By this time it was too late to go out that day, so we had to defer it until the next morning. Immediately after breakfast I got at Fuller's Hotel an omnibus (the only one in Washington—they were few in those days) to take our party out. By the articles of agreement, we were to have two rifles and two pistols, and no second could carry two pistols; no other persons were to be on the ground, and no other persons belonging to either party were to be present. We started out, Mr. Cilly's party in the omnibus; the other party, in two hacks. When we got to Dawson's I got out, went up to my room, got out my buffalo long boots, that came up to my thighs, and my robe. I put the robe under Cilly's feet to keep him from shivering—to keep him warm. As he rode along he said jocularly, 'General, I'll have to go to Wisconsin to live. I'll never get any recognition to Maine after this.'

"By and by, when we had got out of town, I saw one omnibus on horseback, the Grays party, party behind us. I told my driver to stop and said: 'Mr. Wise are those gentlemen connected with you?' He said: 'I tried to drive them back, but couldn't; they said this is a free country, and they wouldn't go back.' I said: 'Mr. Graves, you have Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Haynes. That's not in accordance with our articles of agreement.' He said: 'They're not to be on the ground.' 'Well,' said I, 'I see you have two rifles in there.' Said he: 'In this one we got the bullet half way down and couldn't get it out or

AMUSEMENTS.

Friends of the Building Fund of St. Paul's Church, knowing its needs, have assumed the responsibility of an entertainment at the Metropolitan Theater, for January 29th, to aid the fund. For that purpose they have secured Miss Couthouf as the chief attraction, who is now en route from Europe. Each ticket will be added to the program. Miss Couthouf is endorsed as the greatest living exponent of the Del Sarte school of dramatic expression, and a phenomenal dramatic and humorous elocutionist. In the East for the past year she is represented by the press as having everywhere drawn crowded houses of the first character.

The Metropolitan Theater had an exceedingly large audience within its walls last night to witness "The Spider and Fly" entertainment. Manager Hall was compelled to turn people away from the upper boxes because of the great number of spectators. The play was so great. He was in engrossing the company, and was certainly drawing a "card."

"United Brethren, corner Fourteenth and K Streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject: 'Living Lights.' Evening subject: 'Prayer Meeting.' Sunday-school at 7:30 P. M. Young People's Meeting, Tuesday evening, 7:30. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30. A cordial welcome to all services.

First Baptist Church—Pastor, J. C. H.

Evening subject: Sabbath forenoon and evening, 10:45 A. M.—Subject: "National Peril." Young Men's Christian Association, Sixth street, between K and L Streets—Pastor, W. L. Willard. Subject: "The Sabbath." Sunday-school at 7:30 P. M. Matthew 25:31. Leader, Charles A. Maydwell. There will be several pieces of music to assist in the singing, and a good time is promised.

United Brethren, corner Fourteenth and K Streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 7:30 P. M. Young People's Meeting, Tuesday evening, 7:30. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30. A cordial welcome to all services.

First Unitarian Society, Castle Hall, northwest corner of Ninth and I Streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Services by Rev. J. P. Ellert, at 11 A. M., and Rev. S. P. M. Massey, at 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 7:30 P. M.

First Christian Church, Eighth street, between N and O Streets—Rev. A. C. Gividen, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subject: "Solomon and the Nazarene." Sunday-school at 7:30 P. M.

Sixth Street Methodist Church, between K and L Streets—Rev. Arnold T. Needham, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subject: "Greater than the Kingdom." Young People's Meeting at 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 7:30 P. M.

Union Hall, corner Twenty-ninth and O Streets—Sunday-school at 9 A. M.—Praise Service at 11 A. M.—Rev. W. C. Merrill. Subject: "Pentecostal Power."

Sixth Street Methodist Church, between K and L Streets—Rev. Arnold T. Needham, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subject: "Greater than the Kingdom." Young People's Meeting at 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 7:30 P. M.

Calvary Baptist Church, I Street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth—Rev. A. C. Herkirk, pastor, will preach at 11 A. M. Theme: "The Resurrection of Lazarus." Sunday-school at 7:30 P. M.

Central M. E. Church, Eleventh street, between N and O Streets—Rev. A. G. Gowden, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subject: "The Resurrection of Lazarus." Sunday-school at 7:30 P. M.

First Christian Church, Sixth street, between J and L Streets—The pastor, Rev. W. C. Merrill, will preach at 10:45. Subject: "Pentecostal Power."

Central M. E. Church, Eleventh street, between N and O Streets—Rev. A. G. Gowden, pastor. Services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subject: "The Resurrection of Lazarus." Sunday-school at 7:30 P. M.

Grand Union Church, Sixth street, between J and L Streets—Rev. W. C. Merrill, will preach at 10:45. Subject: "Pentecostal Power."

Great Clearing Sale

SUNDAY RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

ADVERTISEMENT OF HALE BROS. & CO.

NOTICE—Having made a Reduction in Working Hours, our Stores will Close Wednesdays at 6 P. M. Open on Saturday Evenings only until 9 o'clock. Closed all other days at 6 P. M.

Next Week.

Next Week.

Preparations are being made for some GREAT SURPRISES in the Second Week of the Clearance. Of Bargains there will be